

Passing thoughts R M S Corinthic

7<sup>th</sup> Oct 1913

While gliding o'er the raging sea  
And naething got tae dae  
In think upon the days by gone  
The gladsome and the wae

I think upon the lonely spot  
Where started my career  
It stan's amang the heath and rocks  
Upon the banks O Dee  
I likewise think of Upper Ken  
Moorbrock amang the bent  
This place I'll ever ca' my hame  
My boyhood there I spent.

I think about the Moor O'Deuch  
The Afton and the Nith  
The rugged hills aroon Loch Doon  
Where gladsome I've been aft.

Ill noo wi' pleasure name potrail  
For here amang its daisies  
I paid a flo'er and truth tae tell  
Its turned a bunch of roses

Ive been upon the Banks's O Daur,  
And by the River Clyde  
The Logan and the Nethan Hills  
Their steeps I aft ha'e climbed

Though frae these scenes I take my way  
Sae me they'll age be dear.  
Although my course in southern clime  
At present I maun stur.

Should fortune favours on me blow  
And firmly pack her kit  
I'll aiblins spend some happy days  
In Bonnie Scotland yet.

But fortune is a kettle soon  
Yet tease me as she pleases  
My heart she never will subdue  
Though pressed wi grief and cares

Sae let oor anchors a' be fixed  
For we are not our own.  
In him that lived and died and pleads  
For us before the throne.

A.M.